

**A True Reformer.**

The man who knows his cause is just  
Is armed with forces strong as steel;  
No fear disturbs his perfect trust,  
Or cool the ardor of his zeal.  
His faith is fixed in living laws,  
That move the centuries alone,  
And plant the triumph of a cause  
Upon the right and not the strong.  
He may be jeered and mocked of men,  
And all his words may seem to wait  
The Truth be crucified again,  
Between the forms of lust and hate.  
But in his eye no tears appears;  
He leans on One to whom alway  
A day is a thousand years,  
A thousand years are as a day.  
—I. P. TROWBRIDGE.

**The Hero of A Tragedy.**

BY J. A. MILLER.

TEXT.—But things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing Ye might have Life through His Name. John xx: 31.

If, there is one thing admired above another by men it is nobility in character. The value of character is the standard of human progress. It is the desideratum of human life. The individual whose deportment is as sublime as simple, as powerful, as beautiful and as eminent as modest, is the prized hero of the heart of man. It is said that, among the Alps the report of a rifle or a shout is reverberated again and again as the sound passes from canon to canon. So it is with the heroes of people and nations, their lives and characters are reflected along the ages, and their words and deeds are echoed and re-echoed. Rome boasts of her Caesars; Greece of Demosthenes; England of her Pitts; America of her Jeffersons; and the world of her Washingtons, her Gladstones, her Coopers and her Florence Nightingales. Ever and anon eulogiums are pronounced upon the worlds benefactors from the stage, the platform, and the pulpit; I sound their praise today.

But there is one upon whom, if we were to look aright, we would bestow all our songs of praise; all our exclamations of gratitude; all our tears of joy. In whose presence the great of the world would pass into insignificance. I catch the echoes of the heavenly strains as they resound along the years of time like the voices amid the mountain gorges, and I repeat today with all my God-given power the ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations of ascriptions of praise to the Son of the living God!

Gibbon tells us of Rome's great men, Shakespeare of England's, and Bancroft of America's, but the Bible of the great of the universe. "For these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Jesus Christ stands out as the central figure of all the writings of the sacred Scripture. It has been said that the Bible contains the sweetest strains of poetic song and the most sublime passages of prose. I will add today that its prose and poetry narrate a tragedy unexcelled. The character of the hero and innocent victim being spotless and pure.

Instead of a stage measured by feet and inches, as are those upon which our Dramas are acted, the acts of this great Drama are played upon the stage of the world—yea more, for the world is but the stage of the action of men. The stage of God's action is the immeasurable universe. The scenes of this great play are laid in the mind of an omniscient God, and the time is from eternity. The characters participating are an innumerable host of human beings, Angels and Arch-angels of heaven, God the Father the author, God the Holy spirit the recorder, and God the Son as the actor. Look upon these things that are written concerning Christ. Let the curtain be raised that knowing what is written all may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and believing may have life in His name: See, the curtain rises! Look and live.

Act the first.—Let us by the power of our imagination go back to the time before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the Lord had formed the earth and the world. Let us try to

conceive the absence of the shining Sun, the source of all light and heat. Then by an effort destroy the radiant stars of light, and the moons. Then continue your devastation by wiping out the earth and all that is there in, including man and all living things. All is now chaos and disorganization; no light, no form, all void. The material of the universe floating in the etherial expanse. The un-originated, co-eternal God alone existing. If you can conceive this you may witness the grandeur of creation's dawning day. Man beholds the universe and exclaims in wonderment and awe,—how grand! how infinite! how sublime! Man can view but little of the world, yet he sees enough of it to burst out in happy exultation,—“the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.”

God's infinite conception of creation embraces all; and His conceptions are realized by execution. in the power of His might He made heaven and earth. And while darkness was upon the face of the deep it was dispelled by the voice of the Creator. God said let it be thus, and thus it was so: The very elements of disorganization obeyed His voice! List to the divine voice of the Creator! behold the grandest panorama of time! God the painter, limitless space the canvass, and the universe the design.

The earth and all that is there in has been made and especially prepared for the abode of man. Man is created and has taken up his residence in the garden of Eden. There amidst the trees of the primeval forest, the flowers of the creation, and the delicious fruits of the tropical climes, dwelt our first parents. Surrounded by the splendors of Edenic scenery,—scenery that surpassed that of the celebrated Rhine or the Hudson. A climate more congenial than the enchanting breezes of a California or an Italy,—breezes bearing the aromatic odor of a new creation. Such is a faint idea of the home of our first parents in Eden.

The point that I wish to impress, is the presence of Jesus in the creation. These things are written—what things? I open my Bible and read of the mighty works of the creation. Not content I investigate its authorship, and on the first page of that grand Book, I find this language, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” I turn over a few leaves and read again, “In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.” I go on a little farther and read from Paul concerning Christ, “by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be Thrones, or Dominions, or Principalities, or Powers. All things were created by Him and for Him; and by Him all things consist.” Again “God hath in these last days spoken to us by His Son, by whom also He made the worlds.” Once more I read, “all things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made.” Behold Christ in the creation! these things are written that we may know that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

Christ, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace standing upon the stage of Infinity. All hail to thee, thou Alpha and Omega, thou beginning and ending, thou who art, and wast and art to come—the Almighty. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the second.—I lift the curtain to the second act and throw into view a scene not easily forgotten. I would that this act had ne'er been played; for after God had made the earth and had placed man there-on, Satan held a council with his emissaries for the destruction of man's happiness; as the result of that council Satan himself arose from His throne of blackness, and clothed with the subtlety of the serpent, a falsehood upon his tongue, and the temptations of Eve, her fall, and her conquest of Adam are facts familiar to all.

And yet when we try to contemplate the consequences of the fall we are lost in the attempt; by it sin entered into the world; sin brought sickness and pain and death. Oh, the headaches and heartburns caused by it! Methinks if all the tears shed by the human race were gathered

they would be as rivers of water, and if all the blood shed because of sin were gathered in one great caldron 'twould fill an ocean.

Man fell and with his fall he was driven out of Paradise. Driven out of Paradise? yes, driven by the hand of God from all that was free from sin. Driven by his own disobedience from peace and contentment, and happiness, and life of continual warfare and discord and sorrows and death; driven from Paradise and all that is good to evil and its results; the tree of Life guarded by cherubims and a flaming sword; oh man, once so happily situated, that all could envy thy first estate, yet now all deplore thy unfortunate condition. Let us no longer look upon this scene; remembering only that “these are written that we may believe that Jesus is the Christ and believing might have life through His name.”

Man has fallen but Christ is promised. Death has entered into the world, but its conqueror is promised. Christ the rescuer in the fall. Quick, away with this sad event in human life. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop forever o'er it.

Act the third.—A ship is out upon the broad expanse of the blue ocean; a thousand miles from land. The crew is happy for thus far nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of the voyage; smoothly the old ship glides along o'er the silvery main. But out of sight of the gallant ship the winds are holding high carnival with the waves; a great euroclydon is upon the deep and it speeds nearer and nearer to the vessel; first of all the passengers notice but a little speck in the distant sky. Then another and another and another, each larger and larger. Soon swift flying clouds speed through the air. Then the lightnings rend the skies, and the thunders shake the heavens, and the winds blow in hurricanes, and the waves dash fifteen cubits high. And then the fierce heaving and surging of the ship, the awful groaning of the timbers, and the wild moaning of the winds—all make the souls on board the ship fearful of their lives.

The captain vainly tries to soothe their fears by the assurance that the fierce black clouds will soon blow over and the glorious sunshine will come again. As with this ship, so with the ship of human life upon the ocean of time. Embarked upon the smooth sea of Edenic holiness and peace, the storm cloud of evil soon blew over her. Fierce and wild the storm of sin raged over the helpless bark. That ship of human life encountered all the whirlwinds and hurricanes, and cyclones and euroclydons of life. For many days the black clouds o'er hung her; but during all this storm of 4,000 years the great Captain of the world sent messages to the passengers that the storm would soon be over, and that help would soon come. The redeemer is coming. “Jacob, thou wert in the storm, what said the captain to thee?” the scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. “Isaiah, thou wert also in the storm, what said the captain to thee?” “behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh.” “Thou Bible, the record of the cruise, thou hast gone through the storm, what hast thou recorded for the captain? the desire of all nations shall come. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.” Christ the rescuer of mankind from the wild storms of sin. Christ upon the stage again; “these are written that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through His name.” Let the storms of life be hidden; ring the bell and let the curtain drop o'er this scene, for a more glorious one is here.

Act the fourth.—The rescuer of the wild storm is come. The scene is laid in Bethlehem of Judah. The time is at hand; the wild storm clouds have blown over. Jesus the Christ is born into the world. The sun has set in his golden cup in the west, and the busy world is quiet and asleep. A few shepherds are keeping watch over their flocks in the field by night. The star of Bethlehem appeared in the east. Suddenly the glory of the Lord shone round about them and the angel ap-